MARVEL
3
V · ANTONIO · DIJJO
CARNAGE
30 YEARS

YEARS AGO, THE **VENOM SYMBIOTE** SPAWNED, AND ITS OFFSPRING BONDED TO SERIAL KILLER **CLETUS KASADY**. IMBUED WITH INCREDIBLE STRENGTH, SPEED, ENDURANCE AND POWERS SIMILAR TO THOSE OF THE **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN**, KASADY AND HIS EXTRATERRESTRIAL "OTHER" SHARE A UNIQUE BOND AND HAVE LONG TERRORIZED THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AS...

CARNAGE

CARNAGE IS LOOSE.

REJECTED BY ITS FORMER HOST, THE DANGEROUS SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY, THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE IS ON ITS OWN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS LIFE.

BUT THE IMPRESSION CLETUS LEFT ON THE CREATURE IS INDELIBLE, AND THE SYMBIOTE HAS INHERITED HIS UNQUENCHABLE THIRST FOR VIOLENCE.

HE HAS ALSO FOUND A DISCIPLE, KENNETH NEELY, A SERIAL KILLER, ALBEIT A SNIVELING AND COWARDLY ONE, WHO HAS BEEN LEAVING MESSAGES FOR THE SYMBIOTE IN HIS GRUESOME CRIME SCENES.

NOW NEELY IS ALONG FOR THE RIDE AS THE SYMBIOTE HAS BEGUN TARGETING SUPER-POWERED INDIVIDUALS, STARTING WITH HYDRO-MAN, AND NOW...THE SPOT!

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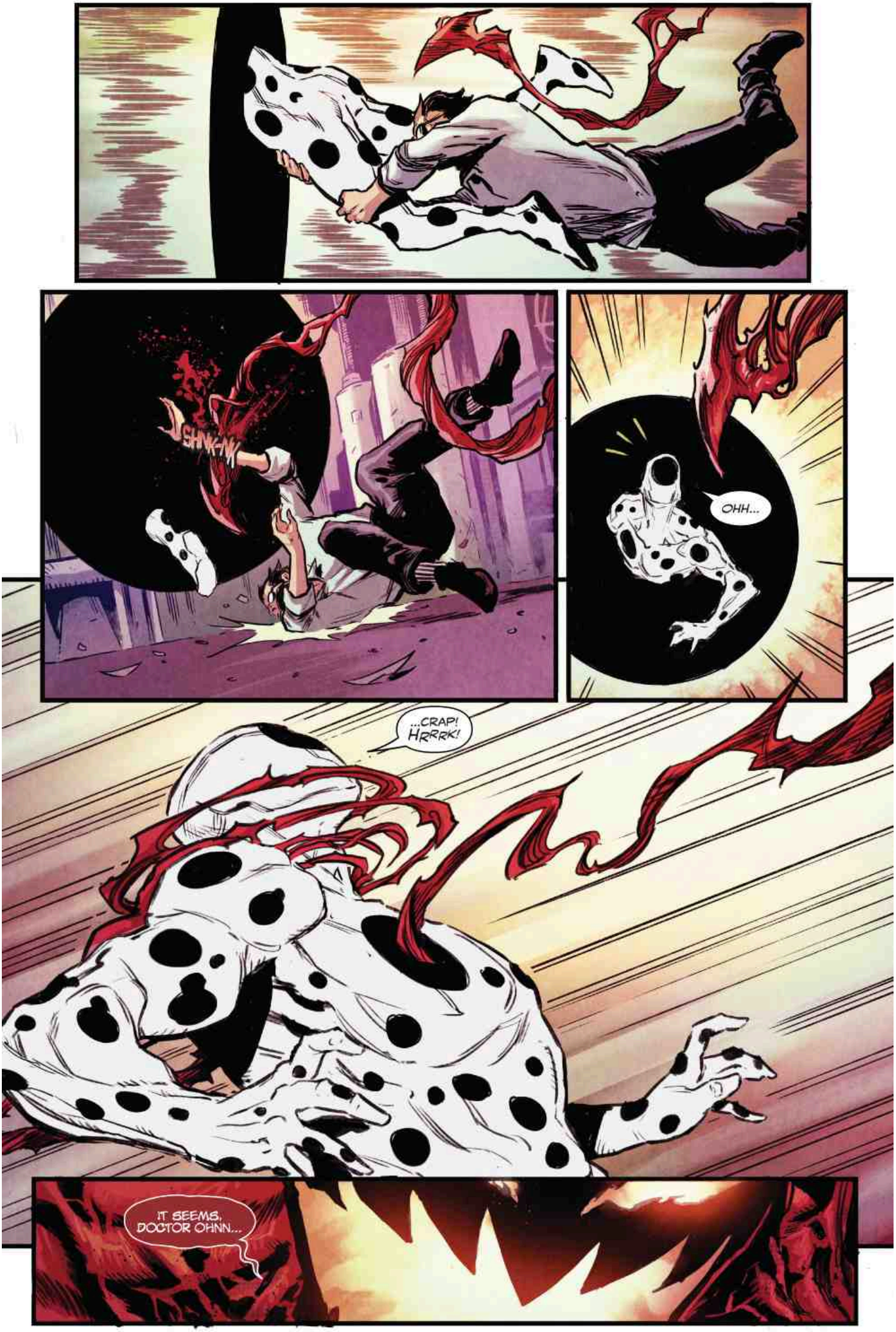
CARNAGE! I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
I WANT ACCESS TO THE SPOTTED DIMENSION.
I...UNGH... I COULD JUST HELP YOU ACCESS IT. WE DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS!
THAT YOU COULD...

...BUT WHERE'S THE CARNAGE IN THAT?
CARNAGE
THE EMPTY PLACE
YOU'LL NEVER BEAT ME, DON'T YOU SEE?
'CAUSE YOU HAVE TO CATCH ME F--
I GOT HIM! CARNAGE...
...I GOT HIM!


SHNK-NK
OHH...
...CRAP! HRRRK!
IT SEEMS, DOCTOR OHNN...

EEEAYYYYGH!
...THAT YOU'VE RUN OUT OF SPOTS.

YOU SEE? MUCH HAS BEEN SACRIFICED IN YOUR PURSUIT, DOCTOR OHNN.
HAS IT BEEN WORTH IT?
EEEYAAARRRGHHH! MY HAAAAND!
...WE SHALL FIND OUT.
NNGH... PLEASE...
Y-YOU C-CAN'T KILL MEEEEE.
I WILL... RETURN. I HAVE THE SPOTTED... DIMENSION.
HRMMM... YES...
I AM COUNTING ON IT.

NNNGH... YOU--YOU C-CUT OFF MY HAND!
TSK. LOOK AT YOU AND YOUR PITIFUL WHIMPERING.
STILL...YOU GAVE UP A PIECE OF YOURSELF FOR ME.
YOU MIGHT EVEN GRASP WHAT IT IS TO BE MY HOST, AFTER ALL.
Y-YOU'LL HELP ME, THEN...?
WITH THAT?
IT'S ONLY A LITTLE SCRATCH, KENNETH.
COME, COME...
...I'M SURE WE CAN FIND A WAY TO PATCH YOU UP.

7TH PRECINCT, NYPD.
OH, THEY PATCHED YOU UP REAL GOOD, DIDN'T THEY?
IF ONLY THEY COULD LOOK INTO YOUR HEAD LIKE I CAN...
DETECTIVE JONATHAN SHAYDE
...THEY'D SEE WHAT A MESS YOU ARE ON THE INSIDE, JONATHAN.
JUST A LITTLE PUDDLE OF INSECURITY, LONELINESS, SADNESS AND RAGE.
IT'S SO PATHETIC AND DEPRESSING INSIDE YOUR LITTLE BOX, JONATHAN, AND YET YOU STAY WITHIN IT, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE BOY.
DRAWING INSIDE THE LINES, JUST LIKE MOMMY TAUGHT YOU.
ARE YOU STILL TRYING TO MAKE MOMMY PROUD AFTER SHE CALLED YOU NAMES FOR WETTING THE BED, JON-JON?
UNNGH SHUT UP!
YOU OKAY THERE, SHAYDE?
UHH...YEAH, THANKS... IT'S JUST A HEADACHE.

£&#$@%@ REPORTS, HUH?
#%$& THAT GUY... DOES ANYONE EVEN KNOW HIS NAME? LOOK AT HIM WITH HIS SMUG WADDLE.
SHUNK
DON'T YOU WANT TO JUST STICK A PEN INTO HIS EYEBALL?
STU...HIS NAME IS STU ROPER!
UGH. STU...WHO THE HELL NAMES THEIR CHILD STU? I'D HAVE OPENED STU'S PARENTS UP JUST FOR THAT.
OR MAYBE WE SHOULD PAY A VISIT TO THE LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE. I HEAR HE KEEPS DIRTY MAGAZINES IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.
A PUNISHABLE OFFENSE, I'M SURE.
NO! STOP!

DAMMIT!
OH, COME ON NOW, JON...
...YOU'RE NOT GOING TO JUMP, ARE YOU?
WHAT? ...NO!
LISTEN, YOU LITTLE PIECE OF @#$%, I CAME UP HERE TO TALK SO THE REST OF THE PEOPLE DOWN THERE DON'T THINK I'M LOSING IT.
YOU COULD'VE JUST PICKED UP A PHONE, YOU KNOW. BUT YOU ARE LOSING IT, JON. YOU DO KNOW I'M JUST A VOICE IN YOUR HEAD, DON'T YOU?
BUT I KNOW YOU'RE NOT MINE. YOU RODE IN ON THE SYMBIOTE STUFF CARNAGE HEALED ME WITH.
SMARTER THAN YOU LOOK.
SO, WHAT'LL IT TAKE TO SHUT YOU UP?
I'M BORED. I NEED ENTERTAINMENT, PREFERABLY INVOLVING SHARP OBJECTS.
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO ENTERTAIN YOU WHILE I'M STUCK HERE TYPING OUT REPORTS?

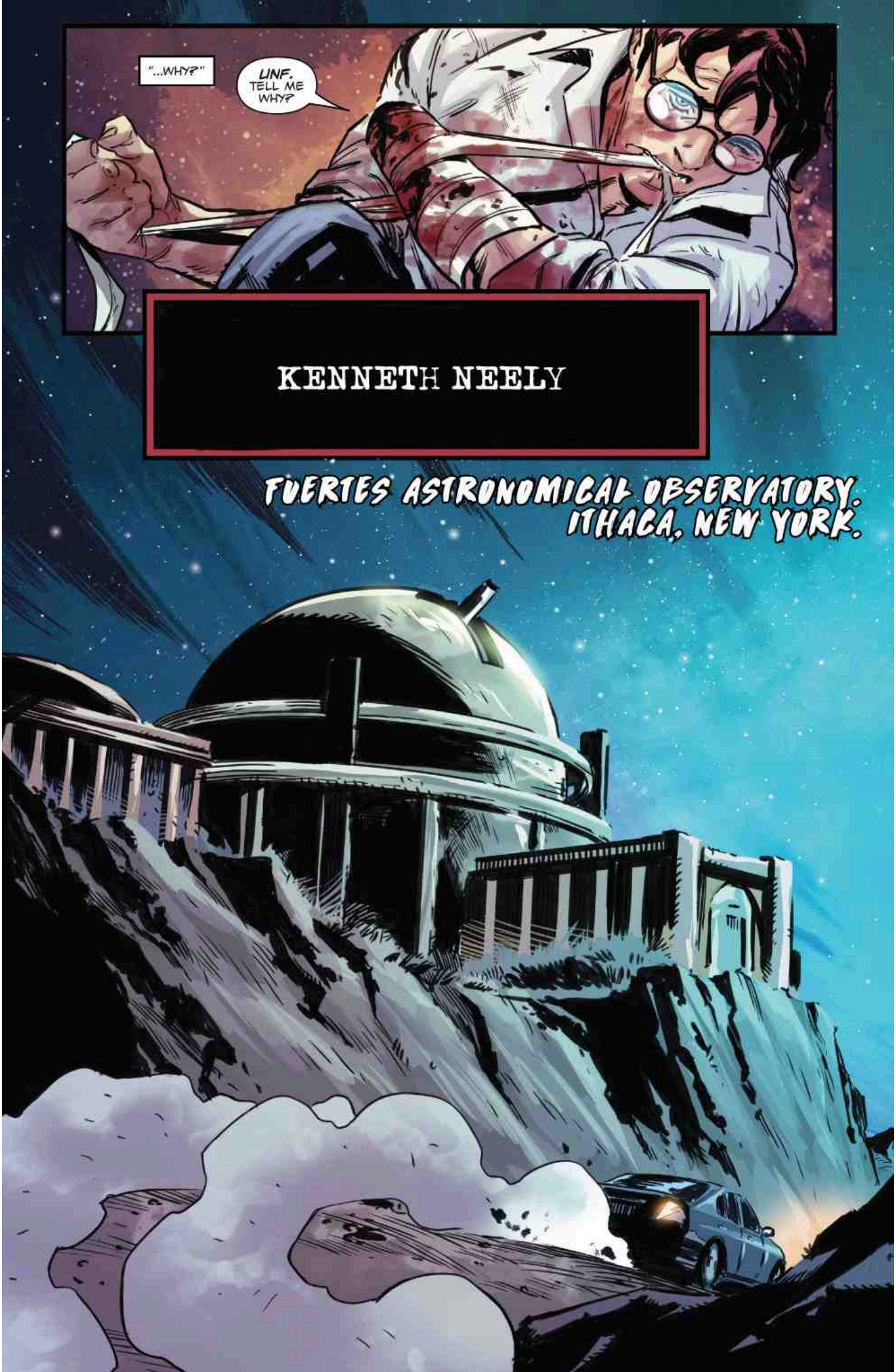
THERE YOU GO, DRAWING INSIDE THE LINES AGAIN.
I GAVE YOU SO MUCH THE LAST TIME, JON. I TOLD YOU WHAT CARNAGE WAS DOING, AND WHAT DID YOU DO?
RAN IT UP THE LADDER LIKE A GOOD LITTLE SOLDIER. AND WHERE DID THAT GET YOU?
WHERE HAS IT GOTTEN YOU YOUR WHOLE LIFE, JON?
"I'M GOOD AT WHAT I DO. I CATCH BAD GUYS."
YOU HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN TO SEE WHAT BAD REALLY LOOKS LIKE.
CARNAGE AND HIS LITTLE PET ARE AS BAD AS IT GETS. YOU WANT TO STOP THEM? YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO BREAK SOME RULES.
AND YOU? WHAT DO YOU GET OUT OF IT?
ME? I'M JUST A VOICE IN YOUR HEAD, REMEMBER?
WHAT DO I CALL YOU, THEN? SO I DON'T SOUND STRANGE JUST TALKING TO MYSELF.
I THINK THE SHIP MIGHT HAVE SAILED ON THAT ONE. AND...

...CLETUS. YOU CAN CALL ME CLETUS.
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA... YOU CAN'T BE HERE, JON.
RELAX... I'M JUST HERE TO WATCH.
NO, YOU DON'T GET IT. THE CHIEF DOESN'T WANT YOU ANYWHERE NEAR THIS CASE.
I BROUGHT YOU THIS CASE!
I KNOW...AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHY.
YOU TALKED ABOUT SUPERS AND SERIAL KILLERS... THAT SPOOKS PEOPLE, JON.
SUPERS ARE NOT OUR JURISDICTION, AND YOU KEPT PUSHING IN THAT DIRECTION.
WHAT DID YOU THINK WAS GOING TO HAPPEN?
NEELY'S NO SUPER, AND WE ALL KNOW THAT.
AND THAT'S THE ONLY THREAD I'M ALLOWED TO PULL AT.

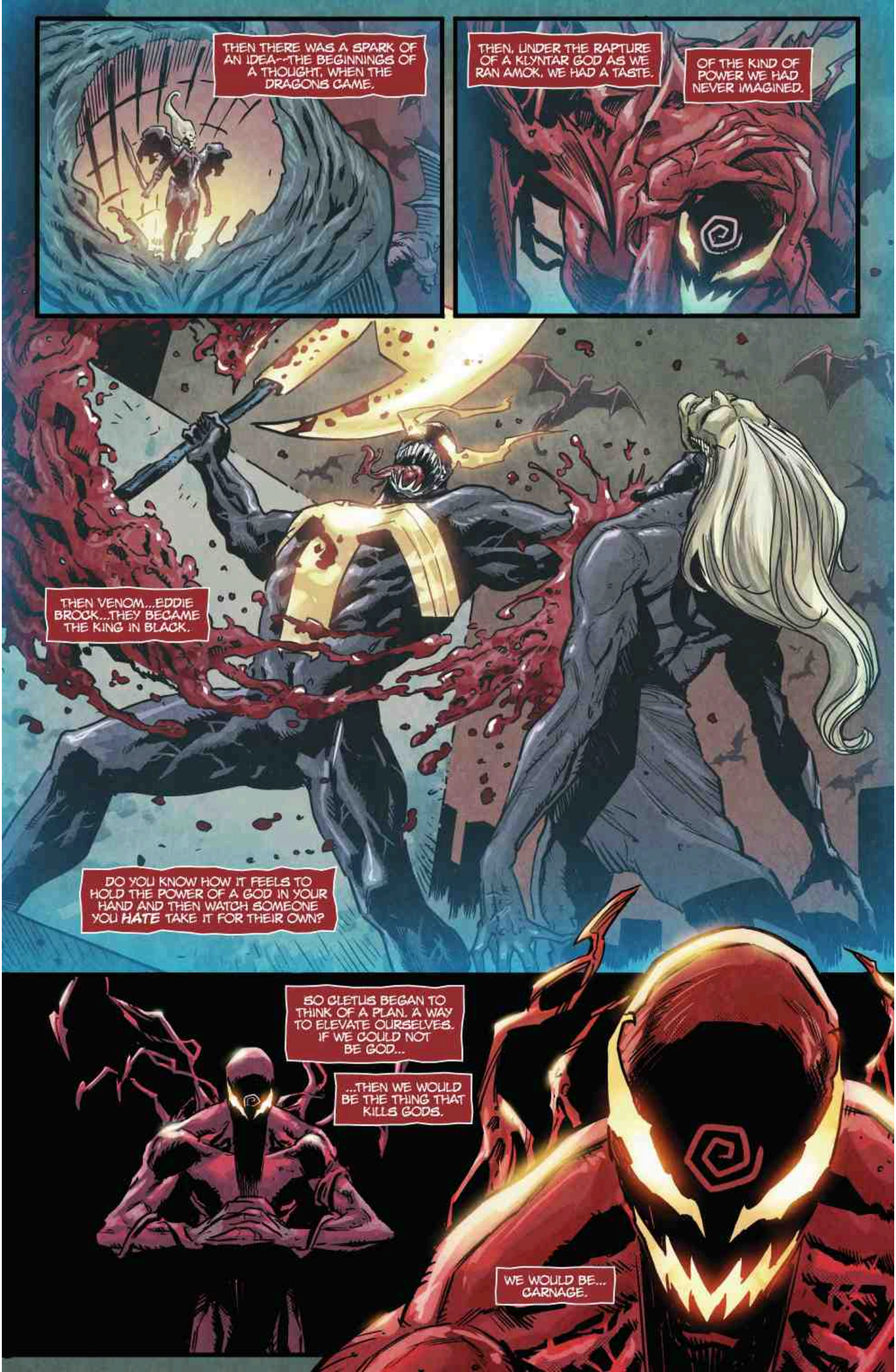
YOU'RE BURYING A PERFECTLY GOOD CASE.
-:SIGH:- WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME I WAS ASKED TO.
WHY'RE YOU SO BOTHERED, JON?
SOMETIMES THEY GET AWAY... YOU KNOW THAT.
I...I NEED THIS CASE, BOOTH.
GEEZ... YOU NEED A VACATION.
YOU KNOW, YOU SOUND A LITTLE...
GO AHEAD. SAY IT.
CRAZY?!
WHAT DO I SOUND LIKE NOW, HUH, BOOTH?

JON...? YOU OKAY, PAL?
UHH...I'M FINE...
-SIGH- JUST A HEADACHE.
GONNA HEAD OUT.
I'LL SEE YOU BACK AT THE STATION, OKAY?
YOU SHOULD'VE CAVED HIS FACE IN. ALL THAT RAGE... JUST IMAGINE HOW IT'D FEEL TO LET IT ALL OUT.
SHUT THE @###$@ UP, CLETUS.
I GOT WHAT I WANTED.
YOU SAW IT, THEN...
"THE ONLY BROCHURE THAT WAS OUT OF PLACE ON THE MANTLE. A ROAD MAP OF THE AREA, OPENED TO READ EASTWARD."
-Eastward-
BUT THERE'S NOTHING EAST OF HERE. JUST STRETCHES OF ABANDONED OLD FACTORIES AND MILLS.
HAH...THAT OLD DOG! CARNAGE...HE'S STILL FOLLOWING MY PLAN!

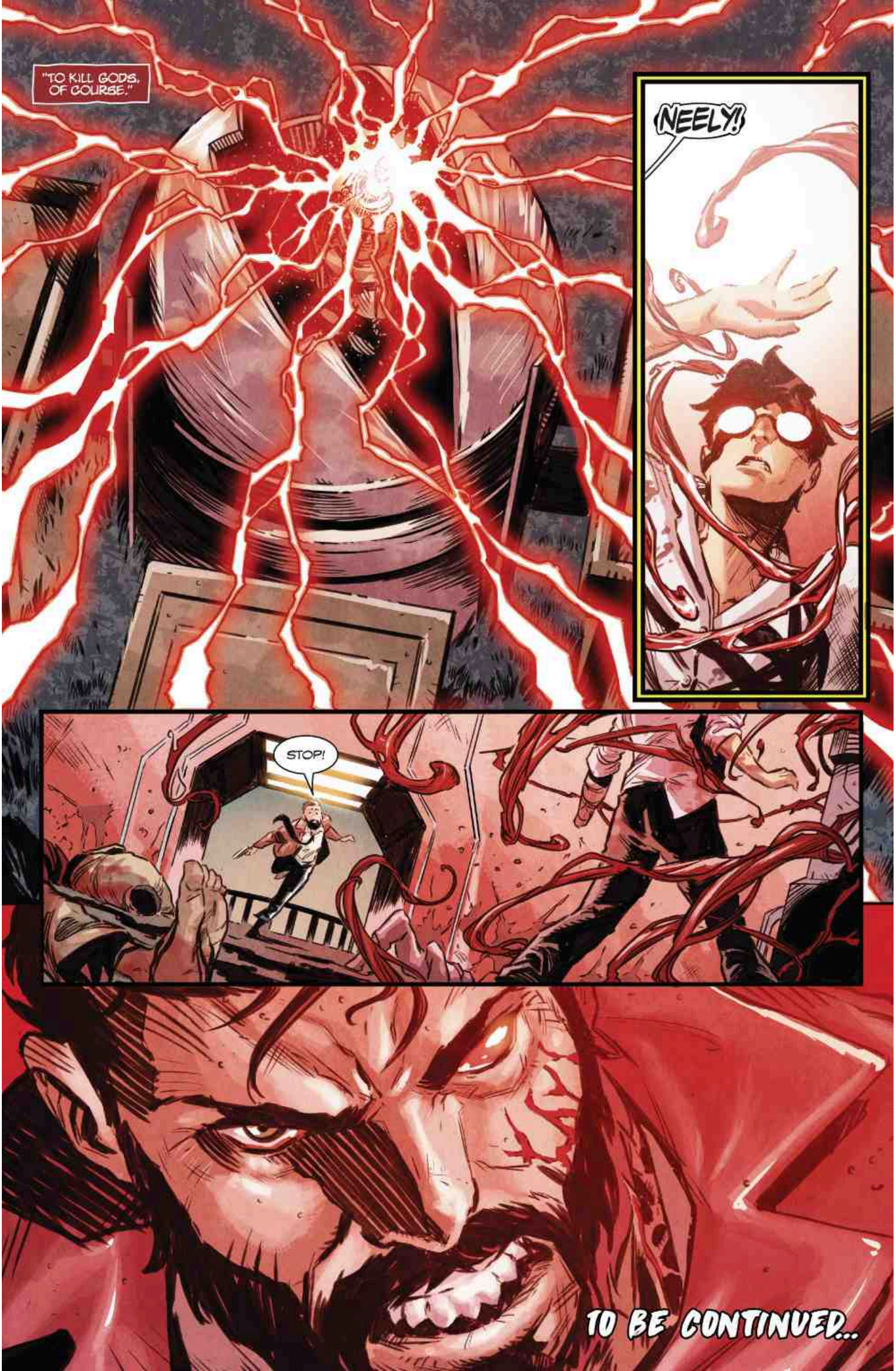
WHAT PLAN?
LONG STORY... I'LL CATCH YOU UP SOMETIME. BUT CARNAGE AND NEELY...WENT EAST TO FIND DOCTOR JOHNATHON OHNN.
OHNN... HE'S THE GUY WITH THE...
...SPOT? CARNAGE WENT AFTER SPOT?!
AND IF I KNOW CARNAGE...
(AND I DO KNOW CARNAGE.)
...WE'RE PROBABLY TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.
I SHOULD CALL IT IN.
YOU COULD...BUT THEN YOU'D HAVE TO EXPLAIN HOW YOU FOUND OUT, AND THEN THEY'LL PUT YOU IN RAVENCROFT AND NEVER LET YOU OUT.
OR...
...WE COULD SKIP AHEAD TO THE NEXT PART OF THE PLAN AND GO TO THE OBSERVATORY.
SEE IF WE CAN HEAD THEM OFF THERE.
THE OBSERVATORY?
BUT...


"...WHY?"
UNF. TELL ME WHY?
KENNETH NEELY
FUERTES ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY.
ITHACA, NEW YORK.

I GAVE UP A HAND TO HELP YOU. I WANT TO KNOW WHY WE'RE DOING THIS!
CAREFUL, KENNETH. LOOK AT ALL THESE PEOPLE. THEY HAVE GIVEN UP MUCH MORE TO ME.
JUST BECAUSE YOU GAVE YOUR HAND THROUGH SOME COMBINATION OF CHOICE AND ACCIDENT...YOU THINK THAT MAKES YOU SPECIAL?
N-NO...I...I DIDN'T MEAN TO... I JUST WANT TO KNOW...H-HOW YOU THINK... ACT.
JUST LIKE... CLETUS WOULD HAVE.
:SIGH: IT WAS CLETUS' IDEA.
YOU SEE, DOCTOR... HALLIDAY.
WE WATCHED YOU ON THE TELEVISION... SPEAKING ABOUT EINSTEIN-ROSEN BRIDGES AND SENDING PARTICLES ACROSS DIMENSIONS.
HALLIDAY


THEN THERE WAS A SPARK OF AN IDEA--THE BEGINNINGS OF A THOUGHT. WHEN THE DRAGONS CAME.
THEN, UNDER THE RAPTURE OF A KLYNTAR GOD AS WE RAN AMOK, WE HAD A TASTE.
OF THE KIND OF POWER WE HAD NEVER IMAGINED.
THEN VENOM...EDDIE BROCK...THEY BECAME THE KING IN BLACK.
DO YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO HOLD THE POWER OF A GOD IN YOUR HAND AND THEN WATCH SOMEONE YOU HATE TAKE IT FOR THEIR OWN?
SO CLETUS BEGAN TO THINK OF A PLAN. A WAY TO ELEVATE OURSELVES. IF WE COULD NOT BE GOD...
...THEN WE WOULD BE THE THING THAT KILLS GODS.
WE WOULD BE... CARNAGE.

BUT THEN CLETUS NEVER ACTED ON IT BEFORE HE WENT AWAY.
AND I THOUGHT TO MYSELF...
...WHAT IF HE WAS ONLY HOLDING ME BACK?
SO GO ON, DOCTOR HALLIDAY... POWER UP YOUR MACHINE...
...WHILE I USE WHAT I TOOK FROM MORRIS BENCH AND JOHNATHON OHNN.
TO REACH ACROSS SPACE, WORLDS, UNIVERSES TO FIND JUST HOW FAR I CAN TRULY GO.
YOU GAVE UP YOUR HAND FOR ME, KENNETH.
AS A REWARD...
...YOU CAN COME ALONG, IF YOU WANT.
WH-WHERE... WHERE ARE WE GOING?


"TO KILL GODS, OF COURSE."
NEELY!
STOP!
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT: ISSUE #4

ON SALE IN JUNE

CARNAGE RULES, AND THE CRIMSON-CLAD CREATURE CRAVES YOUR LETTERS! SEND YOUR NOTES TO **SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM.** BE SURE TO MARK THEM **"OKAY TO PRINT"!** –TOM

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ZONE